

morning, raise my children to be people with integrity and to urge them to contribute wisely to our country. It is going to take a lot for each and every one of us to keep the faith, and to teach the young ones to be strong and positive. I feel that my music has done that for all of these years, and I feel that I deserve to be compensated for my contributions to millions of lives, even if they are not buying my old records, just listening to my old songs on radio stations that play my music.

Again, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for taking the time to read my letter, and I hope that it will help you in your crusade to enlighten those who need to know "what it is like to be a sixty year old songwriter" who needs to live on BMI performance income.

Very sincerely yours,
LAMONT HERBERT DOZIER,
Holland-Dozier-Holland.

A TRIBUTE TO DEPUTY CHIEF
JOHN "JACK" F. MCCARTHY

HON. WILLIAM O. LIPINSKI

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 30, 2001

Mr. LIPINSKI. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay my respects to a distinguished leader, family man, and deputy fire chief in my district, John "Jack" F. McCarthy, who recently passed away.

Born in 1927, in the Ogden Park Neighborhood, John had a long record of faithfully serving his country and community. He joined the Fire Department in 1951 after serving as a mechanic in the U.S. Army. In 1961 he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and three years later he was made battalion chief. In 1985, John retired from the fire department as deputy chief, having served for 34 years.

Mr. McCarthy was respected and loved by those who had the privilege to work with him and by his family. He was known for his even-handed leadership, willingness to help other, and for his studious approach to firefighting. John is survived by Patricia, his wife of 34 years, his son Kenneth, and his three daughters, Patricia McCarthy, Pamela Amico, and Marie Connolly.

Mr. Speaker, John "Jack" McCarthy's strong dedication to his family, fire department, and the community as a whole will be sorely missed. I am certain that his legacy will live on for many years to come.

ADDRESS OF FORMER SECRETARY
OF STATE MADELEINE
ALBRIGHT AT THE MEMORIAL
SERVICE OF YITZHAK AND LEAH
RABIN

HON. TOM LANTOS

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 30, 2001

Mr. LANTOS. Mr. Speaker, at a singularly moving memorial service for the late Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin and his lifelong partner Leah at the Embassy of Israel, our former dis-

tinguished Secretary of State, Madeleine Albright, spoke eloquently and with deep feeling about the contribution of this extraordinary couple, to peace and civilized life in the turbulent Middle East. I am delighted to share with my colleagues Dr. Albright's remarks.

ADDRESS OF FORMER SECRETARY OF STATE
MADELEINE ALBRIGHT AT THE MEMORIAL
SERVICE OF YITZHAK AND LEAH RABIN

Ambassador Ivory, Sara Ehreman, distinguished guests and friends, I am honored to be here with you tonight. Many of you had the privilege of knowing former Prime Minister Rabin better than I, but I do have some wonderful memories of my own about this warrior who made a strategic decision for peace.

I met the Rabins when he served as Ambassador here, and we had a number of encounters when I was UN Ambassador, some formal, some less so. I kept a picture of the two of us at dinner in New York, in my office throughout my tenure as Ambassador and Secretary. In my mind, however, the most dramatic picture of him was on that September day on the White House lawn, when he at first reluctantly and then firmly shook hands with Chairman Arafat. As he would say, you do not make peace with your friend.

Although by the time I knew Yitzhak Rabin, he had gray hair; I fully understand why Leah had years before fallen in love with a man with a full head of hair and what she described as "the eyes of David." He still had those amazing eyes.

Four years ago, when I made my first major speech on the Middle East, I wore this pin, shaped like a dove, a gift from Leah. Soon thereafter, I saw her in Israel, and she gave me this necklace, along with a note saying that sometimes a dove needs reinforcements. So I am in debt to the Rabins, but for far more than the jewelry.

I will not presume to speak for any of you, but for myself. I am in debt to Yitzhak Rabin for what he has given me, which is an abiding and perhaps illogical sense of hope. In my new life, I still give speeches, and am expected to make sense, even about the Middle East. But I have begun to think, "what is there left to say?" Remember what King Hussein called for that day in Aqaba when Israel and Jordan made peace? "No more death, no more misery, no more suspicion, no more fear, no more uncertainty of what each day may bring." Seven years later, what is it we have, except death, misery, suspicion, fear and uncertainty of what each day may bring? If there is any answer to that question it is the example of Yitzhak Rabin.

The former Prime Minister was no dreamer or sentimentalist. He was a doer and a realist. No one was more dedicated to Israel's survival, security and success. No one was more rigorous in drawing the distinction between right and wrong. No one was more fiercely patriotic on Israel's behalf. And no Israeli leader, before or since, has inspired such trust among Palestinians and Arabs.

It is making too much of one man to believe that if Rabin were still here, it would all be different. But how I wish we could test that hypothesis. I suspect, however, that if he WERE here tonight, he would scoff and tell us that our responsibility is not to honor him, or to think about what might have been. Our responsibility is to clean up the mess we are now in.

He would tell us, Israeli and American, to put aside any differences we might have, and to stand together, with all who love freedom and cherish peace, to defeat terror, and conquer the hate outside us while preventing its

growth within us. He would remind us that our common fate is in our hands. Our common inspiration is in the history of resilience and determination that characterize our two nations. Our common strength is in our shared faith that free people working together can achieve miracles.

According to scripture there is a season to everything. Now is not the season for pious platitudes and empty words. It is a time of testing, of walking through the wilderness, of avoiding the sinking sand, and searching for solid rock. And yet, as we gather here tonight to honor a man, share memories, and rededicate ourselves to the principles for which he died, we are not afraid; we are confident, because we know from experiences what terror can and cannot do. Terror can turn life to death, laughter to tears, and shared hopes to sorrowful memories. It can destroy a marketplace and bring down towers that scraped the sky. It can even cause us to hold our breath while opening an envelope. But it cannot deprive us of our love for liberty or our solidarity with one another; it cannot make us retreat from our responsibilities or abandon our commitments; it cannot drive a wedge between America and Israel; and it will not prevail.

Last night we turned our clocks back a single hour, marking the end of daylight savings time. It's all we have the power to do. We cannot turn back the calendar to September the eleventh, 2001, or November the fourth, 1995. We cannot alter the past. We cannot bring back the countrymen and leaders we have lost. We have no choice but to face reality.

But we CAN choose to be animated by hope, not fear; to acknowledge the presence of evil in this world, but never lose sight of the good; to endure terrible blows, but never give in to those who would have us betray our principles or surrender our ideals. We can choose the path that we know in our hearts would have been chosen by Yitzhak Rabin. The path of strength matched by compassion, of courage reinforced by faith. By so doing, we can be sure that the perpetrators of terror will fail in whatever purpose they have; and that America, Israel and all who love freedom will continue toward our rightful purpose of creating a more just and peaceful future for us and for all people.

MEDAL OF HONOR RECIPIENTS 2001
ELLIS ISLAND

HON. DAN BURTON

OF INDIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 30, 2001

Mr. BURTON of Indiana. Mr. Speaker, standing on the hallowed grounds of Ellis Island—the portal through which 17 million immigrants entered the United States—cast of ethnic Americans who have made significant contributions to the life of this Nation were presented with the coveted Ellis Island Medal of Honor at an emotionally uplifting ceremony.

NECO's annual medal ceremony and reception on Ellis Island in New York Harbor is the Nation's largest celebration of ethnic pride. Representing a rainbow of ethnic origins, this year's recipients received their awards in the shadow of the historic Great Hall, where the first footsteps were taken by the millions of immigrants who entered the United States in the latter part of the 19th century. "Today we